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THE Distressed LADY's GARLAND; OR, A TRIAL OF TRUE LOVE.

Sold by S. Gamidge, at Prior's-Head, Worcester, and Mr. Martin, at Mount Pleasant, Birmingham.

Retail.

THE DISTREST LADY.

LOYAL Lovers give Attention,
You can surely do no less,
While the Story I do mention
Of a Lady in Distress;
Who in Cupid's Snare had crept in,
Between two her Passion strove,
A Lieutenant and a Captain;
Here is the Trial of true Love.
Near St. James's liv'd a Lady,
Few her Beauty could compare,
Youthful, dress'd as fine as may be,
And Two thousand Pounds a Year:
Jewels too, and other Treasure,
All her Fortune in her Hands,
To dispose of at her Pleasure,
None else could the same command.
Fame had loudly this reported,
Many a gallant Suiter came;
But, alas! in vain they courted
This young, beautiful, rich Dame:
For she still protested, never
Any should her Husband be,
But some gallant Man of Honour,
In the Wars by Land or Sea.
Now it chanc'd, among all others
That did this young Lady woe,

Two brisk and younger Brothers,
Eagerly their Fate pursue;
One bought a Captain's Commission,
Under the brave Colonel Carr;
The other was a First Lieutenant
In the Tyger Man of War.
All Things for the Wars made ready,
In order their Voyage to make,
Each their Leave of this fair Lady,
As a last Farewell must take.
See, dear Madam, now before you,
Said the Captain, on his Knee,
One that more than Life adores you,
Therefore pity, pity me.
The Lieutenant being ready,
Boldly spoke the Captain to,
Sure 'tis I must win the Lady,
Thro' more Dangers great than you.
Thund'ring Cannons, Smoke, & Fire,
Are the Dangers least I fear,
More I'll court, to more aspire,
For the Honour of my Dear.
When the Lady heard each other,
Pity mov'd within her Breast,
Yet the same she'd not discover,
But her Mind she thus expreſt:
Gentlemen, due Thanks I render,
For your Loves expreſt to me;
May the Heavens be your Defender,
In the Wars by Land or Sea.
Since 'tis true you both adore me,
A you solemnly proteſt,

And your lives will venture for me,
From which you will not desist:
Here I promise, if in Safety
From the Wars you do return,
One of you a Wife shall make me,
For I'll have no other Man.
Pleas'd at this, they kiss'd and parted,
And then to the Wars did go,
Leaving the Lady for a Season,
In much Sorrow, Grief, and Woe:
Love had set her her Heart on Fire,
But the same she did conceal,
Each she lov'd with one Desire,
But which best she could not tell.
When the bloody Wars were over,
Some few Reg'ments broken were,
And among the rest our Lover
The young Captain, who in War
Had with Dangers been surrounded,
Where gained great Renown,
And was in many Places wounded,
Home to England did return.
The Lieutenant, in the Tyger,
The same Time was order'd Home,
Having pass'd thro' many Dangers,
And great Deeds of Honour done:
But amongst all those Misfortunes
That in Battle do befall,
He had lost a Leg for certain,
By a fatal Cannon Ball.
Each repair'd unto the Lady,
Gallantly they did appear,

And with all Submission may be
They approach'd the charming Fair.
She with inward joy was seized,
For to see them both return'd,
And to show that she was pleased,
Gave them a kind Welcome Home.
Quoth the Captain, dearest Lady,
On my Honour I protest,
I for you to die am ready,
If in Love I am not blest;
Many Hazards I have gone through,
And great Dangers did defy;
And now, more unto my Sorrow,
You must live and I must die.
Then the bold Lieutenaut cried,
For your Sake I've cross'd the Seas,
And my Sword has oft been dyed
In the Blood of Enemies.
All my Dangers past are nothing,
Thousands more I will go through;
Dearest Lady, no Man living,
Can love more than I do you.
Was ever Lady, then she cried,
Ever in such Straight before,
Equally your Loves I've tried,
Equal Honour you have bore:
And I here must own it to you,
Equally I love you too.
Both alike you are unto me;
What can a poor Lady do?
Just as she these Words had ended,
Strait a Project she did find,

Which to practice she intended,
Therefore thus she spoke her Mind:
Gentlemen, pray cease all Sorrow,
I can be but one Man's Bride;
Come again to me To-morrow,
True Love shall your Cause decide.
Both contented then they parted,
And the next Day being come,
To the Lady they resorted,
Each to know his final Doom:
Then her Coach and Six made ready,
They did to the Tower go,
But the Project of the Lady,
In the least they did not know.
When they came unto the Tower,
To her Lovers then said she,
Let us walk for Half an Hour,
All the Rarities to see.
All Things praising and admiring,
Still wherever they had been;
And at last they (back retiring),
Came unto the Lions Den.
Loud they roar'd as they came near 'em,
Seemingly the Earth to shake,
She at first did seem to fear them,
But at length she thus did speak:
Were you Men to win a Lady,
By fighting such Foes as these,
For to leave them you'd be ready,
It would cause your Blood to freeze:
Then the Captain thus replied,
Would it so the Gods would please,

Soon my Strength it ſhould be tried
Againſt twenty ſuch as theſe;
Lions, Leopards, Wolves, and Tygers,
With 'em all my Strength I'd prove,
Lady, you can name no Danger,
I'd not venture for your Love.
To this ſaid the brave Lieutenant,
'Tis in vain to talk thus here,
Lady, aſk ſome Danger preſent,
Who loves beſt ſhall ſoon appear.
Since it is ſo, then ſaid the Lady,
And ſtrait her Fan threw in the Den,
Let the Man who now would have me,
Go and fetch it back again.
Then the Captain ſtood amazed,
As tho' he'd been thunder ſtruck,
On the Danger great he gazed,
But the ſame ne'er undertook:
Which the bold Lieutenant ſeeing,
To the Lady did reply,
Here is now a Man in being,
Who will fetch your Fan away.
Leave obtain'd for this Adventure,
He away went to the Place,
And as he the Den did enter,
Look'd the Lion in the Face;
As the Lion moved towards him,
He did to the Lion move,
Calling on the Heavens to guard him,
For the Sake of his true Love.
Then the Lion on his Shoulder
Laid his Paw and looked grim,

The Lieutenant ſtill grew bolder,
As he did the ſame by him;
Always ſtill the Lion facing,
At the laſt the Beaſt down lay;
Up the Fan then ſtraitway taking,
Back he returned the ſame Way.
None can expreſs the Anguiſh,
That this Lady underwent,
While the Danger he paſt through,
She with Grief was almoſt ſpent:
But when ſhe ſaw her Lover coming
From the Den, and no Harm done,
To his Arms ſhe fell a running,
Take, ſaid ſhe, the Prize you've won.
Like a Man almoſt diſtracted,
Then the Captain did appear,
For to ſee what there was acted,
How he loſt his deareſt Dear:
Since, ſaid he, I muſt ſurrender
All my Life and all my Joys,
To ſome foreign Parts I'll wander,
And there in Sorrow end my Days.
The Lieutenant and his Lady
Splendidly ſoon married were,
All Content and Joy that may be,
Now attend this happy Pair:
So young Men and Maidens ever,
Where your Love doth faithful prove,
Let nothing your Affection ſever,
Learn the Trial of True Love.

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